POST OFFICE NOTICE. From Hipton, Granville, Hancock, East
Middlebury, Cornwall, West Cornwall and Hridport,
Way mail from borth,
New York, Ruthard and Albany,
Way York, Ruthard and Albany,
Way mail from south,
Way mail from south,
Way mail from south, MAILS CLOSE. Way mail going south, 9:30 A. M. Way mail going north, 5:00 P. M. For Ripton, Granville, Hancock, East Middlebury, Cornwall, West Cornwall and Bridgert, Closed mail for Foston and Rutland, 5:30 P. M. Closed mail for Foston and Rutland, 7:45 P. M.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Congregational—Corner Pleasant and Main sts.
Rev. E. P. Hooker, pantor. Sunday services at
10-16 A.M. and 7-30 r.M. Thursday evening prayer
needing at 7:30.

Methodist —North Pleasant at Rev. W. H. Row.
om, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and
130 r.M. Thursday evening prayer meeting at
130 r.M. Thursday evening at 7:30.

Episcopal St. Stephen's Church—Main-st.

Episcopal St. Stephen's Church—Main-st.

and 3:00 r. rector. Sunday services at 10:30 A.M.
and 3:00 p.M. and 3:00 p.m.

Roman Catholic-Weybridge-st. Rev. P. Cun migham, pastor. Sunday services, alternate Sabbaths, High Mass at 10:00 A.M., Vespers and bene diction at 6:30 p.m.

Methodis—Rev. H. Vanuccar, paster. Sinking services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30.

Methodist—Rev. H. N. Munger, paster. Sunday services at 1:30 and 7:30 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30.

Episcopal—St. Paul's Church—Rev. C. I. Chapin rector. Sinday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30.

Mission Chapiel—Dr. H. A. Ingham. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

Rosana Catholic—Rev. P. Cunningham. paster. Services, alternate Sabbaths, High Mass at 10:00 A.M., Vespers and benediction at 6:00 P.M. Congregational—Rev. George E. Hall, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30.

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. H. KINGSLEY, - DENTIST Up stairs in Styles' new Block, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

McLEOD & SMITH.—CLAIM AGENTS, Middlebury, Vt. 61f T. H. McLEOD. E. E. SMITH.

S. CHANDLER, PENSION
CLAIM AGENT. Procures pensions or increase cheaply. Address him, with stamp, at Ripton, Vt.

OHN AVERY, M. D. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
STARKSBORO, Vr. 19tf OFFICE AT RESIDENCE

A. STURTEVANT. Attorney at law. Office over Clay's store in the new block.

E. SMITH, Attorney and Coun-sellor at Law. Office No. 1, Tupper's Middlebury, Vt. A DDISON HOUSE LIVERY STA-

uts furnished on short notice. Prices reasonab Middlebury, Vt. 5tf

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G. W. GOODELL & CO.—HOUSE, Carriage and Furniture Painters and Grainers. Place of business James Donahue's shop, opposite the School House, Middlebury, Vt. Middlebury, July 27, 1877.

CTATE NORMAL SCHOOL, RANDOLPH, VT. ABR. E. LEAVENWORTH, A. M., Principal. Eighty-one Scholarships. Fall Form opens fourth Tuesday in August. Spring Term opens second Tuesday in February. Semi for catalogue.

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TATE NORMAL SCHOOL, CASTLETON, VT. WALTER E. HOWARD, PRINCIPAL. Fall term commences August 31. Spring term ommences February 8, 1877.

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Middlebury

Register.

VOL. XLII.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., AUGUST 24, 1877.

VERMONT. BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

O woman form, majestic, strong and fair. Sitting enthroned where in upper air. Thy mountain peaks in solemn grandour rise, Piercing the spiendor of the summer skies,—Vermont! Our mighty mother, crowned to-day in all the glory of thy hundred years, if thou dost bid me aing, how can I but obey? What though the lips may tremble, and the verse That this would grandly thy grand deeds re May trip and falter, and the stammerin tongue
Leave all unrhymed the rhymes that should
be sing?
I can but do thy bidding, as is meet,
Flowing in humble homage at thy feet—
Thy royal feet—and if my words are weak,
O crowned One, 'was thou didst bid me

O crowned One, 'twas thou didst bid me speak!'

Yet what is there to say,
Even on this proud day,
This day of days, that hath not oft been said! What song is there to sing
That sand is there to sing
That hath not oft been sung? What laurel can we bring
That Ages have not hung
A thousand times above their glorious dead?
What crown to crown the living
Is left us for our giving,
That is not shaped to other brows
That wore it long ago?
Our very rows but echo vows
Hereathed centricis ago!
Earth has no choral strain,
No lofty pean swelling loud and clear,
That Virgil did not know,
Or Bante, wandering slow
In mystic trances, did not pause to hear!
When gols from high Olympus came
To touch old Homer's lips with flame,
The morning stars together sung
To teach their raptures to his tongue.
For him the lonely ocean moaned;
For him the lonely ocean moaned;
For him the mighty winds intoned
Their deep-voiced chantings, and for him
Sweet flower bells pealed in forests dim.
From earth and sea and sky he caugh!
The spell of their divinest thought,
While yet it bossomed fresh and new
As Eden's rosebuds wet with dew!
Oh! to have lived when earth was young,
With all its melodies unsung!
The dome of Heaven bent nearer then
When gods and angels talked with men,—
When Song itself was newly born,
The Incarnation of the Morn!
But now, ahast all thought is old,
All life is but a story told,
And he is bold who tries to wake.
Even for God, or Country's sake,
In voice, or pen, or lute, or lyre,
Sparks of the old Promethean fire!

And yet,—O Earth, thank God!—the soul of son

And yet,—O Earth, thank God!—the soul of song Is as immortal as the eternal stars! O, trembling heart! take courage and be strong, Hark! to a voice from yonder crystal bare!—

"Did the roses blow last June?
Do the stars still rice and set?
And over the create of the mountains
Are the light clouds floating yet?
Do the rivers run to the sea
With a deep resistless flow?
Do the little birds sing north and south
As the seasons come and go?

"Is Love a forgotten story?
Is Passion a jester's theme?
Has Valor thrown down its armor?
Is there no pure trust in woman?
No conquering faith in God?
Are there no feet strong to follow
In the paths the marryrs trod?"

"Did you find no hero graves
When your violets bloomed last May—
Prouder than those of Marathon,
Or "old Plates" day"?
When your red and white and blue
On the free winds fluttered out,
Where there no strong hearts and voices
To receive it with a shout?
Oh! let the earth grow old!
And the morning stars grow cold!
And, if you will, declare man's story told!
Yet, pure as faith is pure,
And sure as death is sure,
As long as love shall live, shall song endure!

When one by one the stately, silent Years
Glide like pale ghosts beyond our yearning sight
Valuly we stretch our arms to stay their light,
So soon, so awift, they pass to endless sight:
We hardly learn to name them,
To praise them, or to blame them,
To know their shadowy faces,
Ere we see their empty faces;
Only once the glad Spring greets them
Only once fair Summer meets them,
Only once fair Summer meets them,
Only once the Autumn glory
Tells for them its mysite story;

To mose far stores where smiling for seasons are as Give back soft murmure to the fragrant breeze Oh! ye who drained for us the bitter cup. Think ye, we can forget what ye have offered up leadily. The years will come and go, and other centuries die, and generation after generation lie. Down in the dust; but long as stars shall shine Long as Vermont's green hills shall bear the pine.

pine, As long as Killington shall proudly lift its lofty peak above the storm-cloud's rin, Or Manafield hall the blue, o'erarching skies Or fair Mount Authony in grandeur rise, So long shall live the deeds that ye have done So deathless be the glory ye have won!

Not with exultant joy
And pride without alloy.
Did the twin Centuries rejoice when all was o'er.
What though the Nation rose
Triumphant o'er its foes?
What though the States had gained
The need of faith unstained?
Their mighty hearts remembered the dend that
came no more!
Hemembered all the losses,
The weary, weary crosses.
Remembered earth was poorer for the blood that
had been shed,
And knew that it was sadder for the story it had
read!

And knew that it was sadder for the story it he read!
So clasping hands with somewhat saddene mien.
And eyas uplifted to the Great Unseen.
That rules alike o'er Centuries and men, Oward they walked screnely toward—the End!

Oue reached it last year. Ye remember we The wondrous tale there is no need to tell— How the whose world bowed down beside How the whose world howel down beside it her.

How all the Nations came, from far or near, Heaping their treasures on its mightly pall—Never had kinglisst king such funeral!
Old Asia rose, and girding her in haste, Swept in her jewelled robes across the waste And called to Egypt lying prone and hid Where waits the sphinx beside the pyrmid; Fair Kurope came with overflowing hands, Bearing the riches of her many lands; Dark Afric, laden with her virgin gold, Yet laden deeper with her woes untold; Japan and China in grotesque array, And all the euchanted islands of Cathay!

To-day the other dies.

It walked in humbler guise,
Nor stood where all men's eyes
Were Sixed upon it.
Earth may not pause to lay
A wreath upon its bler,
Nor the world heed to day
Our dead that lieth here!
Yet well they loved each otherit and its greater brother.
To loftiest stature grown,
Each earned its own renown;
Each sought of Time a crown,
And each has won it!

Each sought of Time a crown,
And each has won it!

But what to us are Centuries dead,
And rolling Years forever fled,
Compared with thee, O grand and fair
Vermont—our Goddess mother?
Strong with the strength of thy verdant hills,
Freak with the freshness of mountain rills,
Freak with the freshness of mountain rills,
Freak with the gladness of youth divine,
seement the gladness of youth divine,
seement the freshness through the grand thee play
Rejoice in thy waves of ant bright hair.
O thou, our glorious bright hair.
O thou, our glorious bright hair.
O thou, our glorious mother?
Rejoice in our beautiful strength and say
Earth holds not such another?
Thou art not old with thy hundred years.
Nor worn with toil, or care, or tears;
But all the glow of the summer time
Is toine to-day in thy glorious prime!
Thy brow is fair as the winter snows,
With a stately calm in its still repose;
While the breath of the rose the wild bee sig
Half mad with joy, cannot colipse
The marvelous sweetness of thy lips;
And the deepeat blue of the laughing skirse
Hides in the depths of thy fearless eyes,
Gazing afar over land and sea
Wherever my wandering children be!
Fold on fold,
Over hy form of grandest mould,
Floweth thy robe of forest green,
Now light, now dark, in its emerald sheen.
Its broidered hem is of wild flowers rare,
With feathery fern-fronds light as air
Fringing its borders. In thy hair
Sprays of the pink arbuins twine,
And the curling ring of the wild grape vine.
Thy girdle is woven of silver streams,
its clasp with the opaline lustre gleans
Of a lake asleep in the sunset beams;
And, half concealing,
Floats over ail a veil of miss
Pale tinted with rose and amethyst!
Rise up, O noble mother of great sons,
Worthy to rank among sartiy's mightiest one.

Rise up, O noble mother of great sons,
Worthy to rank among earth's mightiest ones,
And daughters fair and beautiful and good,
Yet wise and strong in loftlest womanhood,—
Hise from thy throne, and standing far and high
Outlined against the blue, adoring sky,
Lift up thy voice, and stretch thy loving hands
in benediction o'er the waiting lands!
Take thou our fealty! at thy feet we bow,
'clad to renew sach off, repeated you!

The state of the s

the nation's life.

So if we consider the part taken by Vermonters in the wars which have arisen since the Revolution it may be claimed of them that they have not disgraced the memories of the men who took Ticonderoga and conquered at Bennington. Thus Lake Champlain and Plat'sburg cheered the rush of Vermont farmers to repel the British invasion of 1814. So in 1861 the gnn fired on Sumter was heard in every hamlet in Vermont. The spirits of the Green Mounmont. The spirits of the Green Monu-tain Boys of "the Grants," slumbering in the caves of their mountains, seemed to arouse to a quickened life, and Allen, Warner and their compeers once more to walk the earth. Every heart was stirred with a divine anger, and four